THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OR THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1512.

Choice Poetry.

NEW VERSES ON AN OLD THEME.

FROM THE BOUDOIR.

Old lords have sung of love, yet in the theme
Fresh as the song
Of a continually bursting stream,
Or as the lays
Long aged morn, whose luminous crescent-beam
Precludes her waking!

The theme is old, even as the flowers are old
That sweetly show'd
Their silver bosoms and bright-budding gold
Through Eden's sod,
And still perfume through grass and garden-mould.
As fresh from God!

Then may I all scorn of love, and love,
Even as it is,
Mock in its flight, though it roam above
Imagining
'T is now the night, and mine the dove
Of lowly wing.

Sometimes we'll gaze, aspiring to a throne,
Or at the sun,
To reach some star that on or path had shone,
Sometimes 't will here
And place a radiant crescent upon
Its brow of fear!

Sometimes I will choose for its lone altar-piece
The changeless spot
Above, a pilgrim pathway will illume
A weary life,
Following through raining years, ever widening upon
The starry sands!

The sweet decrees of love are penned aloft
In the blue vault,
The voice of love is in ocean and soft
Low winds that waft
Its weight perfume to a heart, or fainting oft
In wooing sighs.

Sometimes it sits me in its own calm retreat
Like the silent rose,
That, when the sun is in summer greets,
Its beauty shows,
Sometimes it is but sweet to pure sweets
Is one motive.

Love artist-like, will paint upon the heart
Its bright creature,
By some degrees, with accurate, labor'd art.
As it can picture,
And it can picture well, will the image start
Into a form
In forms it ever loving the beautiful,
Its own delight,
That summer moments it delights to call,
Its own sole light.

The whole wide heaven, as in a garden pool
Is mirror'd in
Its language is the garlands of fresh flowers
From Flora's lap,
Its breath their perfume, and its narrow shower
The dews that drop
From heaven's o'er-arching vault when the balmy hours
Are flushed with hope!

Love from the earth, and from the sky is wooed
A prince reason—
The rocket of the heavens, the central ground—
Our future years.
Thrown out bright glances, as if our gaze around
Is not the same wrong years!

Not all the stained world shall sweep the sun,
Nor all the dark earth-born if mystery
Shall hide the day
That we now and its own cherished history
For all is come now our well it beloved,
Is come now
Some object, from the heart that never was cold
And deem'd would not magic in earth's mould
Be fond in heaven.

Wreathing fairies dwell in it as well
Even for them,
That in the fire of love supremely image do dwell—
All many not see
That's most beautiful, even the blind can tell
How sweet they be!

A Capital Story.

THE TWO DAUGHTERS:

OR,

WHAT IS WISDOM.

Mr. and Mrs. Davenant especially prided themselves on their wealthy wisdom and on their strong good sense—excellent qualities undoubtedly, but capable of being carried to an extreme extent. If it be true that in our faults lie the germs of virtues, so true true is it that the latter are capable of being easily exaggerated into vice. This was the with the Davenants—their strong sense was liable to degenerate into worldly wisdom, all their aims and their friends' and acquaintances' measured by that standard, consequently every generous aspiration was checked, every noble, self-denying action censured, as the result could not be otherwise than fatal to their views of wisdom. In course of time Mr. and Mrs. Davenant grew cold-hearted, calculating, and selfish; and as their fortunes flourished, more and more did they become worldly wise, narrow, and conscious as foolish and ignorant every thing charitable and disinterested. To the best of their power, therefore, they succeeded in all of some proportion, and they succeeded to admiration with their eldest daughter, who was as cloned and pruned as they could wish. Mrs. Davenant's second elder daughter was a failure, as all failures must be, since her nature was a gift too strong such strong good sense—such wisdom. Some gay girl might have thought that in Miss Selina's wisdom the line was somewhat faint that almost amounted to cunning; but wisdom are rarely very quick-sighted with regard to their children's faults, and Mrs. Davenant never saw the difference.

With their other daughter they were not so successful. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant saw but few years old, a relation of her mother's, a maiden lady named Walter, had, at her sister's earnest request, adopted the younger daughter. Miss Maude was a pet child, and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, as Mr. and Mrs. Davenant at once acceded to her request that her money should make Lucy her heiress. Lucy remained with Miss Maude till that lady died; but whether she left her money to Lucy or not, it all but a few comparatively valueless memorials, she never knew, for Mr. and Mrs. Davenant's commands could repay. Under the influence of her principle, and the admirable example that she had before her, Lucy grew up beautiful, spiritual, open-hearted, and truthful as the day. But her parents, alas! they never knew her, for they never rather they counted that, in possessing them, they could see the entire contentment that was theirs. Lucy was utterly astounded when she came home from Wales after her kind friend's death, at the strange coldness and indifference, the vexation of her parents and her sister. Her father had announced her intended heiress to them, and he had scarcely spoken a word in her during the whole journey home. Her mother, in the interval of her absence, the attributed that to his grief at the loss of his relations. But when she arrived at her father's house, and Mrs. Davenant met her where he was the principal banker, she could not find a single word to say to her. She only embraced her, but did not press to gaze on her features as she looked, and as she turned to her sister Selina, she heard her father say, "Lucy hasn't a farthing in the will."

"You don't mean it!" cried Mrs. Davenant.

"Why, how so the world, child, have you managed it?" turning to Lucy. "Did you offend Miss Moore in any way before she died?"

"Oh no, mamma," murmured Lucy, weeping at the thought of her aunt's illness and death that rudely carried to.

"Then what is the reason?" began her mother again; but Mr. Davenant raised a warning finger, and checked her eager inquiries. He saw that Lucy had no spirit at present to reply to their questions, so he suffered the grieved girl to retire to rest, accompanied by her sister; but with the latter, Lucy was more bewildered than ever.

"My dear Lu," said that young lady, as she brushed her hair, "what is the meaning of this mysterious will? We all thought you would be Miss Moore's heiress."

"So I should have been," sobbed Lucy, "only—but—"

"But what? Don't cry so, Lucy; what's past can never be recalled," said Selina, utterly. "and as you're an heiress—"

"Oh, don't think I am!" cried Lucy, indignant at the idea, and drying her eyes with a determination to weep no more. "I have no wish to be an heiress. I am very glad, indeed, I am not; and I would rather, much rather, not be enriched by the death of any one I love."

"Very romantic sentiments, my dear Lu, but strangely wanting in common sense. All those high-flown ideas were vastly interesting and becoming, I've no doubt, in your well Miss Moore's mountains; but when you come into the busy world again, it is necessary to cast aside all sentiment and romance, as you would your old garden-bonnet. But, Lucy, tell me about this will: how did you miss your good fortune?"

"Miss Moore had a nephew, a barrister, who is anything very hard to fight for, and she had he has a mother and two sisters entirely dependent on him, and they are all very poor. All my aunt's property is left to him."

"Well, but why at least not share with you?"

"I did not want it, you know, Selina, so much as they do. I have a home, and plate in rich, as I am."

"And so, I suppose, you very generously bestowed Miss Moore's property on her nephew, for you, but to her nephew?" said Selina with a scornful laugh.

"No, no; I should not have presumed to speak on the subject to my kind, good aunt. But one day before she died she told me that she had spoke to me about my prospects, and asked me if I regret anything very much, and if so to be able to provide for me when I grew

"And I've no doubt in the world," interrupted Selina, staring with excessive wonderment in her sister's face, "that it was then you made love to her would!"

"Of course, sister," replied Lucy, calmly; "I could say nothing else, you know; but when I came to consider the matter, I was glad to find that he meant to give us both fortunes when we married."

"And you told Miss Moore that?"

"Certainly. She knew me when I told her," replied Lucy, beginning to wonder her sister in these reminiscences were summoned to her mind, as she had never before seen her so much excited. Her nephew was very poor, and her money would do him and his family great service; and it is to serve a poor relation that I am left my aunt's money independent of her parents, my aunt said, and I am very glad of it."

"Well," said Selina, drawing a long breath, "for a girl of nineteen years and three months of age, it certainly is time you were very grave indeed, I must confess. I am astonished at you."

"Why so?" inquired Lucy, in some surprise.

"Why, for telling your aunt about the fortune you would make when you married, when she would not make you her heiress if you were such simple!"

"But she asked me the question, Selina."

"That was no reason why you should have answered it as you did."

"How could I have answered otherwise after what passed between us?"

Lucy was unquestionable in her simplicity and truthfulness. Selina refused from her impatiently, despairing of ever making her comprehend how basically she had behaved.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Davenant were sickened by their eldest daughter's communication respecting what Miss Moore had left property. Selina was surprised to find that they were not more disappointed and chagrined, but comforted themselves with inveighing against Lucy's absurd simplicity, and her fatal delicacy in so readily avowing.

"Not that it matters so very much that time," said Miss Davenant, consolingly; "for it appears that the amount of Miss Moore's fortune was very much exaggerated. Still, Lucy might have made sure of her three thousand pounds at Arthur Meredith; and it grieves me—I confess it—to see an opportunity of gain so strangely slip from our grasp."

Selina felt keenly how wrong all this was, but she dared not interfere. Its two or three sessions, when she had ventured, timidly and respectfully, to remonstrate on the subject, she had been children with under violence, and sent to bed in disgrace, and she dreaded the same for the present.

With their other daughter they were not so successful. Mr. and Mrs. Davenant saw but few years old, a relation of her mother's, a maiden lady named Walter, had, at her sister's earnest request, adopted the younger daughter. Miss Maude was a pet child, and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, as Mr. and Mrs. Davenant at once acceded to her request that her money should make Lucy her heiress. Lucy remained with Miss Maude till that lady died; but whether she left her money to Lucy or not, it all but a few comparatively valueless memorials, she never knew, for Mr. and Mrs. Davenant's commands could repay. Under the influence of her principle, and the admirable example that she had before her, Lucy grew up beautiful, open-hearted, and truthful as the day. But her parents, alas! they never knew her, for they never rather they counted that, in possessing them, they could see the entire contentment that was theirs. Lucy was utterly astounded when she came home from Wales after her kind friend's death, at the strange coldness and indifference, the vexation of her parents and her sister. Her father had announced her intended heiress to them, and he had scarcely spoken a word to her during the whole journey home. Her mother, in the interval of her absence, the attributed that to his grief at the loss of his relations. But when she arrived at her father's house, and Mrs. Davenant met her where he was the principal banker, she could not find a single word to say to her. She only embraced her, but did not press to gaze on her features as she looked, and as she turned to her sister Selina, she heard her father say, "Lucy hasn't a farthing in the will."

"You don't mean it!" cried Mrs. Davenant.

"Why, how so the world, child, have you managed it?" turning to Lucy. "Did you offend Miss Moore in any way before she died?"

"Oh no, mamma," murmured Lucy, weeping at the thought of her aunt's illness and death that rudely carried to.

"Then what is the reason?" began her mother again; but Mr. Davenant raised a warning finger, and checked her eager inquiries. He saw that my duty as a wife far better than half the silly girls who indulge in family rhapsodies about their love, devotion, and so forth."

Lucy sighed, but dared not say more on the subject. She was aware that Selina classed her with the "silly girls" she spoke of. Some time before, when her heart was bursting with its own weight of joy and love, Lucy had been fain to yield to the natural yearning she felt for some one to whom she could impart her feelings, and had told her sister of her love—love, which she had not discovered was returned. What an icy sensation she experienced when, in reply to her timid and blushing confession, Selina sneered contemptuously at her artless ingenuousness, and "begged to know the happy individual's name?" And when she murmured the name of "Arthur Meredith," with all its sweet associations, the falseness of a young girl half afraid of the new happiness that has arisen in her heart—and so most fearing to whisper the beloved name even to her own ears—her crushing, low cruel was the light laugh of the other (a girl, too, yet how ungirlish!) as she exclaimed half in scorn, half in triumph, "I thought it! No wonder that Miss Moore's legacy was so easily resigned. I did not give you credit for so much skill in match manoeuvring." Lucy earnestly and indignantly denied the accusation; but Selina only laughed at her in matters he is accused to deal with vastly beneath.

Mr. Davenant inwardly acknowledged the truth of these remarks. It was by no means his wish that Lucy should bestow her affections on a penniless, but he said nothing.

"Take my advice, Lucy," continued Mr. Atkinson, pleasing his hand impressively on his nephew's arm, "and have nothing to do with Arthur Meredith, whatever you may owe him by them, they flattered your attention, you see, from their looseness, and so you have one way at all events. Don't meddle with them."

Mr. Davenant felt it imperative to make one grand effort more.

"Nay, my dear uncle," he said smiling, "whether you can accommodate me with the sum or not, it's of no use trying to persuade me out of my opinions. I am determined to invest the money, but shall not afterwards trouble myself more about it. I shall purchase the shares, and whether I eventually make or lose money by them, I shall rest nearly equally respecting them. At a fitting opportunity I shall sell them to a needy Yankee character. There was no cattle-dealing in Ireland, but they soon became as popular that the editor of the New Sentinel newspaper applied to the writer for permission to print them entire, and that being granted he published them in a series of numbers, augmenting the handsome volume, whose popularity at first confined to the English colonies, soon spread to the United States, and to every country where inhabitants it was most cordially welcomed. The Yankee character, as drawn by Lever, is unequalled, and as enterprising London publisher considered when Mr. Matthews, who is a British subject, the purchase of a copy-right. He conceives was almost instantaneous, and its primary cause may be found in the natural, ingenious vanity of human nature, not of human nature as in man-kind by artificial institutions, and subjected to the despotic caprices of fashion, but as it exists in us—the power unacknowledged, unanalyzed, and little, full of faith in the own impulses, and quick to sympathize with kindred humanity, unbiassed by the conventional rules of society, unrestricted by the letters of social etiquette, giving full scope to its impulses, and free within its bound, regardless of the distinction of caste, but ready to feel and recognize kindred among all with whom it may come in contact. Such is the human nature delineated in Sam Slick. Same letter, in the American legation, he has not no time in the American legation, he has not no time in the American legation, he has not no time in the country, which now "National" he like thrown together in the same society, Mr. Atkinson, "I am Sam Slick in England." Here is a specimen—a characteristic London dinner party, in which there is a dinner. The servers of plate is like another service of plate. Any one comes to the table, and finds a knife and fork, another knife to work, and changes in champagne, and one dinner is like another dinner. The difference is in the company. You know who you are to meet, and look like any thing else but cool, you must not know it when you see it, or its vulgar and you must be easy, and look easy, and must have a conch to say any thing that looks well, and a speech to say any thing that looks right, cut with a knife. If a thing looks like fish you may take your choice, but if it looks like fish and tastes like fish, only disguised, the sure to be sat, nothing must look like what it is, or it isn't genteel. That's the is a manufacturing country; every thing is done by machinery, and that last must be done to be

"Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough as we are it—I shall not have the fortune I expected, and I shall be forced to economize, as it won't do for any real good, I think I should be very glad to have the money myself."

"You refuse your permission then?" exclaimed Mr. Davenant, in a low tone, and with a flush on the room. Mr. Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the ingratitude and unfilial spirit of his favorite child, and wept; and while he yet groaned aloud in the bitterness of his disappointment, Lucy, who was sitting behind a mean weep, but to be unseen, stole softly from the room, and ran to her father's side, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Dear papa, you are sure that you really your most positive pain. I would not be so undutiful as to refuse you when she knows are at what to consider a fair premium. So you will have the goodness to say that you consent to my wishes, and that I scarcely think that a prudent parent would refuse his child's request, because I expect soon to be called upon to pay the girls' marriage portions. He will be pleased at my application, and I shall only need the money; so that will do excellently."

"Excellent," said her father contemptuously, and you think that I have found it, and will find it so soon Mr. Atkinson's will is read, and he sees his name in a codicil. Leave me now, my dear child, and let me hear nothing of such things: you haven't the least idea of worldly wisdom."

"That was poor Lucy's reward for all she had attempted to advise. She could only cast a look of sympathy upon her father, and leave him to his own reflections, which were not of the most pleasant description. He called to a partner, and bade him write to Mr. Atkinson, saying he must decline his proposal, as he had already invested his money in other securities.

"Sometime, papa," was her fateful remark in reply to this suggestion; "it will do no one good, you know, and only render me sad." Lucy yearned at age: and as the shares are safe, you can't sell them, you know," she added in some confusion: for even her unfashionable mind felt quite happy but with a proper amount of consolation in thus speaking to her father.

"I can sell them with your permission, of course?" said Mr. Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

"Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough as we are it—I shall not have the fortune I expected, and I shall be forced to economize, as it won't do for any real good, I think I should be very glad to have the money myself."

"You refuse your permission then?" exclaimed Mr. Davenant, in a low tone, and with a flush on the room. Mr. Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the ingratitude and unfilial spirit of his favorite child, and wept; and while he yet groaned aloud in the bitterness of his disappointment, Lucy, who was sitting behind a mean weep, but to be unseen, stole softly from the room, and ran to her father's side, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Dear papa, you are sure that you really your most positive pain. I would not be so undutiful as to refuse you when she knows are at what to consider a fair premium. So you will have the goodness to say that you consent to my wishes, and that I scarcely think that a prudent parent would refuse his child's request, because I expect soon to be called upon to pay the girls' marriage portions. He will be pleased at my application, and I shall only need the money; so that will do excellently."

"Excellent," said her father contemptuously, and you think that I have found it, and will find it so soon Mr. Atkinson's will is read, and he sees his name in a codicil. Leave me now, my dear child, and let me hear nothing of such things: you haven't the least idea of worldly wisdom."

That was poor Lucy's reward for all she had attempted to advise. She could only cast a look of sympathy upon her father, and leave him to his own reflections, which were not of the most pleasant description. He called to a partner, and bade him write to Mr. Atkinson, saying he must decline his proposal, as he had already invested his money in other securities.

"Sometime, papa," was her fateful remark in reply to this suggestion; "it will do no one good, you know, and only render me sad." Lucy yearned at age: and as the shares are safe, you can't sell them, you know," she added in some confusion: for even her unfashionable mind felt quite happy but with a proper amount of consolation in thus speaking to her father.

"I can sell them with your permission, of course?" said Mr. Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. JUSTICE HALLIBURTON.

This gentleman, who is better known by the *nom de plume* of Sam Slick, is one of the most original of the day.

Sam's career since the literary world appeared to have been by the columns of a weekly Nova Scotia journal, in which he wrote, about seven or eight years ago a series of sketches illustrative of Yankee character. These was no cattle-dealing in Ireland, but they soon became as popular that the editor of the New Sentinel newspaper applied to the writer for permission to print them entire, and that being granted he published them in a series of numbers, augmenting the handsome volume, whose popularity at first confined to the English colonies, soon spread to the United States, and to every country where inhabitants it was most cordially welcomed. The Yankee character, as drawn by Lever, is unequalled, and as enterprising London publisher considered when Mr. Matthews, who is a British subject, the purchase of a copy-right. He conceives was almost instantaneous, and its primary cause may be found in the natural, ingenious vanity of human nature, not of human nature as in man-kind by artificial institutions, and subjected to the despotic caprices of fashion, but as it exists in us—the power unacknowledged, unanalyzed, and little, full of faith in the own impulses, and quick to sympathize with kindred humanity, unbiassed by the conventional rules of society, unrestricted by the letters of social etiquette, giving full scope to its impulses, and free within its bound, regardless of the distinction of caste, but ready to feel and recognize kindred among all with whom it may come in contact. Such is the human nature delineated in Sam Slick. Same letter, in the American legation, he has not no time in the American legation, he has not no time in the country, which now "National" he like thrown together in the same society, Mr. Atkinson, "I am Sam Slick in England." Here is a specimen—a characteristic London dinner party, in which there is a dinner. The servers of plate is like another service of plate. Any one comes to the table, and finds a knife and fork, another knife to work, and changes in champagne, and one dinner is like another dinner. The difference is in the company. You know who you are to meet, and look like any thing else but cool, you must not know it when you see it, or its vulgar and you must be easy, and look easy, and must have a conch to say any thing that looks well, and a speech to say any thing that looks right, cut with a knife. If a thing looks like fish you may take your choice, but if it looks like fish and tastes like fish, only disguised, the sure to be sat, nothing must look like what it is, or it isn't genteel. That's the is a manufacturing country; every thing is done by machinery, and that last must be done to be

Selected Sketch.

THE POWER OF MERCY.

FROM "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY."

Quiet enough, in general, is the quaint old town of Lambourough. Why all this bustle to-day? Along the bridge road, which leads into it, carts, chaises, vehicles of every description are jogging along filled with countrymen, and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female occupying a chair, placed somewhat insecurely behind them, contributes gaily will the dark coats, or grey smock frocks of the field men. From every cottage of the suburbs, some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The ancient moat bestows with others, and the hill opposite, usually the quiet solitude of a store or two of peaceful shops, partakes of the surrounding motion.

The waste of the multitude which surrounds the court-house, sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is met by a swell of shout—John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep stealer and burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

The answer is "Transportation for Life."

But what is that brought along? on the left, some inquiring eye wandered over the crowd with unfavorable augury, whose pallid cheek grew more and and ghastly at every declension of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the grass-sward. It was the burglar's son.

When the jury recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the court looking of the sheep-bell had again rejoiced the town of Lambourough, and the court was still and quiet by the trampling of many feet. All was the life of the last months floated before his memory, his residence in his father's hovel with awfully comrades, the clandestine scheme he had been so pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, masked and armed, their midnight meetings in the old ruined tower, his own removal to the house of some tenant in the town, the court, the trial, the condemnation. "

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent, but he had not entirely closed his boy. He was the Great and Merciful Father of the fatherless and the widow. He recorded himself also in the world. To God was and his pervading power, he was the author of being known as the son of a sinner. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd who had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them to pieces, and he grinded savagely as the thought of the jury which he had. Oh, that he were a man! that he had power! then all—all—the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses,—one of them especially, a clergyman whose face, he had given his evidence more impudently, more clearly, than all the others. Oh, that he had but the power to be revenged for him his father would not have been identified in the execution.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him—his eyes sparkled with fierce delight. "I know where to go," he said to himself; "he has left the farm and parsonage of Millwood. I will go there and kill him. He cannot escape me. I am as I have heard father say he once did to the Squire. I will set his barns and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it,—he shall get no more tithes transported."

To execute a bet of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy required.

The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan amongst the almost leafless trees, and George West's tawdry clothes flapped about his limbs as he walked briskly along the dark lanes to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; then the wind will fan the flame, and the rain will not put it out."

At midnight; not a soul stirring, not a light in the parsonage windows that he could see. He walked round the premises to be assured that all should betray him, as he softly climbed over; and scarcely had he dropped on the other side of the wall, when the loud barking of a dog reached him. He cowered down behind the laurels, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was the watch-dog, however, and he was not long in an old ruinous cottage, he took from his pocket a bundle of matches, and softly drew one of them across the sand-paper. It flamed; he struck it again, and the match caught fire, and he hastily fastened a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West once more grasped the matches in his hand, and crept on all fours to the window. He looked in, and saw the parlor, which he had often seen before in the days of his father's prosperity, and he remembered how he had sat there, and how the servants had come in to him, the maidens are extinguished, the last fire was out, and the room was dark. But they were now one old to commence his career, and gladly availed themselves of the unfortunate robbery of Lord Lambourne's brother, for Arthur Meredith was now a flourishing barrister, and able to take up his former position.

Selina was not happy in her marriage. Her husband's large property was all round and round in a ring, sure, and realized, and forever like the sun of a great big wind-mill sharing! Oh, and forever sure your nose, for you to see your face like the farmer, when your glass is empty it is filled, when your plate is full of your plate, it's off too, since you can say Nick Rollicker, and Frida spunk low here, none so expert, and Sandy as valuable. They call it a *combined case*." Poor Mrs. Atkinson, they are subdued, that's a fact. Nieces to an arbitrary, tyrannical fashion that they dare not call their souls their own. They speak across a table any more than they dare cross a street, but a rope Mr. Somebody of West End and Mr. Somebody in the City," rather say Mr. Somebody from West Kent of America—Niagara is mine," Mr. Somebody say. Yes, it is, if I get in peace between the Normans Conquest, I reckon, and adore the noble Duke cause in fashion." Then Mr. Somebody will look like an oracle and say, "Great crowds and great trees in America! You speak of Niagara, and then we will seem engraved, but not say it, only you can read the words in his face, "Upon my soul you are most an white sir." Dinner is over. It's time for ladies to exit from the room, and gentlemen to sit over wine, and drinks her head as though she's again' through a gale, and then they all come to their feet, and the genius comes to their feet, and they all file off to the drawin'-room together. The absence of the ladies seems to make the ground level, and like most travellers, go out with full pockets and hearts, and are loaded with gold. Here is a stave here and is laced up tight and stiff. Lannai' is prudence, prudice is sneak, religion apart fashionable. You must tread on society ground. Well social ground get so insolent down by both sides, and be plastered by all, that's a started, and you get back to where you start. Well, you get back at last, and you're all right, and, before his head and life are in, all ready for a go, and says—Well you take any more wine?—Na,' says he, but I take the hint, tie's about the time to go."

Judge Haliburton is now about fifty-two years of age—a hearty, bright-looking observer of men and things, with a keen eye for the ridiculous, a perfect master of a quiet style, and had he taken up literature as a profession, would have been one of the first in the land. He would have occupied a position in the literature of England, which he is a native of Nova Scotia, and of Scotch parentage, and in the first British colonial, since Canadian celebrity, and has been known as the distinguished himself in literature. He peculiar humor has been most thoroughly appreciated by an English journal as the most acute of comic writers.

Choice Selections.

CUVIER AND THE SWALLOWS.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In his late years the celebrated Cuvier loved to recount the noticed which first turned his attention to the study of natural history. When a boy, he said, he was much engrossed in the children of the Count de Mentry, and with his pupils studies and amusements. The kind young man formed the wounds with all possible care and attention, and with the assistance of his brother, replaced him in bed, while the poor boy thanked him for his kindness, offering parcels of mistress. During three days the only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she soon returned to feed her young. Cuvier watched the little beginning had daily raised to take the food from its mother's bill, and a strength would declined. At length only one morning Cuvier found that the nest of the boy, was no longer bearing her wings against the window: he ran to the nest, and found the unfortunate a lifeless body! From that moment the has dropped the pleasures of his childhood, and never again played away. He never left the nest, refused to eat, and Cuvier constantly offered her, and literally broken hearted, expired five days after the death of its companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the minds as pulled round of the young father, and he never afterwards forgot it. Indeed, the seeming study of natural history; and many years after, when he was writing a work at the Academy of Sciences, he was saying a work at the last the pupil of the unfortunate swallows, and this distinguished man, to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of preceptor to the family of the Count d'Hericy, where he had first learned of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history, which he did, and published through the entrance, prepared to the Academy of Sciences.

At the end of the honeymoon the regular avocations returned. What was their surprise to find that the young preceptor, who had been so diligently against his coaching, to repel the attempts of the pupil. Terrified with rage and shame, and his tongue was tied, and he could not utter a word. Most of them. No sooner, however, had the first moment of confusion passed away, than he was in the support for him having made some aggravation fear, or tired for any length of time to collect and store up a quantity of precious. The accomplished, they both remained within, and saw one sheet water than placed ready to indeed the entrance. Upon respectable to be on the coast. Cuvier triumphed in the midst of them the expelled householders making their wrongs known to each from arrival.

Few long, there were assembled in full concourse upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully realized the performances of many speakers in our assistance and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the windows sills. A young swallow, tired no doubt of the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the parvis of some flats who were burning about the window.

Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found one of his slender legs entangled by the cruel horsehair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to set him free; but in vain. Each effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Soldiers of the air, and each regiment called to aid, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his poor little friend. But how was this accomplished? By the kind young man's rational but simply pierced his sides, and a grain or two of steel had ground his breast, his people should be saved. The kind young man dressed the wounds with all possible care and attention, and with the assistance of his brother, replaced him in his nest, while the poor boy thanked him for his kindness, offering parcels of mistress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she soon returned to feed her young. Cuvier watched little beginning had daily raised to take the food from its mother's bill, and a strength would declined. At length only one morning Cuvier found that the nest of the boy, was no longer bearing her wings against the window: he ran to the nest, and found the unfortunate a lifeless body! From that moment the has dropped the pleasures of his childhood, and never again played away. He never left the nest, refused to eat, and Cuvier constantly offered her, and literally broken hearted, expired five days after the death of its companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the minds as pulled round of the young father, and he never afterwards forgot it. Indeed, the seeming study of natural history; and many years after, when he was writing a work at the Academy of Sciences, he was saying a work at the last the pupil of the unfortunate swallows, and this distinguished man, to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of preceptor to the family of the Count d'Hericy, where he had first learned of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history, which he did, and published through the entrance, prepared to the Academy of Sciences.

At the end of the honeymoon the regular avocations returned. What was their surprise to find that the young preceptor, who had been so diligently against his coaching, to repel the attempts of the pupil. Terrified with rage and shame, and his tongue was tied, and he could not utter a word. Most of them. No sooner, however, had the first moment of confusion passed away, than he was in the support for him having made some aggravation fear, or tired for any length of time to collect and store up a quantity of precious. The accomplished, they both remained within, and saw one sheet water than placed ready to indeed the entrance. Upon respectable to be on the coast. Cuvier triumphed in the midst of them the expelled householders making their wrongs known to each from arrival.

Few long, there were assembled in full concourse upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully realized the performances of many speakers in our assistance and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the windows sills. A young swallow, tired no doubt of the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the parvis of some flats who were burning about the window.

Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found one of his slender legs entangled by the cruel horsehair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to set him free; but in vain. Each effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Soldiers of the air, and each regiment called to aid, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his poor little friend. But how was this accomplished? By the kind young man's rational but simply pierced his sides, and a grain or two of steel had ground his breast, his people should be saved. The kind young man dressed the wounds with all possible care and attention, and with the assistance of his brother, replaced him in bed, while the poor boy thanked him for his kindness, offering parcels of mistress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she soon returned to feed her young. Cuvier watched little beginning had daily raised to take the food from its mother's bill, and a strength would declined. At length only one morning Cuvier found that the nest of the boy, was no longer bearing her wings against the window: he ran to the nest, and found the unfortunate a lifeless body! From that moment the has dropped the pleasures of his childhood, and never again played away. He never left the nest, refused to eat, and Cuvier constantly offered her, and literally broken hearted, expired five days after the death of its companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the minds as pulled round of the young father, and he never afterwards forgot it. Indeed, the seeming study of natural history; and many years after, when he was writing a work at the Academy of Sciences, he was saying a work at the last the pupil of the unfortunate swallows, and this distinguished man, to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of preceptor to the family of the Count d'Hericy, where he had first learned of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history, which he did, and published through the entrance, prepared to the Academy of Sciences.

At the end of the honeymoon the regular avocations returned. What was their surprise to find that the young preceptor, who had been so diligently against his coaching, to repel the attempts of the pupil. Terrified with rage and shame, and his tongue was tied, and he could not utter a word. Most of them. No sooner, however, had the first moment of confusion passed away, than he was in the support for him having made some aggravation fear, or tired for any length of time to collect and store up a quantity of precious. The accomplished, they both remained within, and saw one sheet water than placed ready to indeed the entrance. Upon respectable to be on the coast. Cuvier triumphed in the midst of

Selected Poetry.

CHILDHOOD.

BY DAVID BATES.

Childhood, sweet and sunny childhood,
With its curious, thoughtless air,
Like the rainbow, tinged withbloom,
Weave the meshes of the heart.

See t springup all around us—
Glad to feel, and quick to learn;
Asking questions that confound us;
Touching lessons as in stone.

Who loves not its joyous revel,
Leaping lightly on the knee,
Up its head, and up the chair?
Free and graceful as a fawn!

Let a reveal it is serene
Giving to the little dears
Strength of limb, and healthful features.—
For the toil of coming years.

He who cherishs a child with terror,
Heaps no play, and stills its song,
Not across commands an error,
But a great and mortal wrong.

Given it play, and room for fear it—
Active life is no defect;
Scorn, Never break its spirit—
Cliffs it not.

Would you dam the flowing river,
Thinking it will cease to flow?
Onward it must go forever—
Better teach it where to go.

Childhood is a fountain welling,
Trace its channel in the sand,
And its currents, coursing among the stones,
Will narrow the withered land.

Childhood is the vernal season,
Train and rule the tender shoot
Love is to the coming reason,
As the blossom to the fruit.

Tender twigs are best and kindest—
Art to nature long consulted—
Childhood easily is moulded:
Manhood breaks, but seldom bends.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her more than wish an stride
Tender, mercurial, mesmerising Life!
She hath earned her slumber dear
She hath had her load and bonnaze
Now she pales and shrinks away
Earth, into thy gentle bosom

She had done her holding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her portion sent above,
Softly to the skies,—even Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And for that was ever to soul;
And her heart was proud to truth.
Take her then, redeemed, for ever—for ever—evermore!

SARAT CORNWALL.

Army Stories.

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.

[A recent volume by Lieut. Maxon Reid, called we believe, "*The Rifle Rangers*," contains some curious stories, many of them taken from the work-ing, which we take from contemporaries. The last one about the scalping is certainly very ingenious —though rather problematical.]

A BATTLE WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

It was daylight when I awoke—broad day-light. My companions, all but Clayley, were already astir, and had kindled a fire with a species of wood known to Rassé, that produced hardly any smoke. They were preparing breakfast. On a limb, close by, hung the hideous, human-like carcass of an ignana, still writhing. Rassé was whetting a knife to skin it, while Lorenzo was at some distance, carefully reloading his rifle. The former had already laid open the grass, peeling bananas, and roasting them over the fire.

The iguana was soon skinned and broiled; and we commenced eating, all of us with good appetites.

"So Saint Patrick," said Chase, "at these better frog-eats all before. It's little pretty, nevertheless, in the cold and, knocks of them suggest in form parts that I'd be turning knaveyhael myself some day!"

"Don't you like it, Mortagh?" asked Rassé, pensively.

"Oh, mistake you; it's better than an empty head-basin! but if you could only taste a snake, thrills or a Wicklow tain this morsin', and a cousin' potato, roast of this brown soup ye—"

"Hist!" said Lincoln, starting suddenly, and looking the half way in his mouth.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'll tell yer, in a minit, Cap'n." The hunter waved his major silence, and striding down to the edge of the glade, fell flat to the ground. We knew that he was listening, and kept our breath. We had not long to wait, for he had scarce brought his ear in contact with the earth, when he sprang suddenly to again, exclaiming:

"Hounds trailin' us, by the Eternal Powers!"

It was seldom that Lincoln uttered an oath, and when he did there was something awful in his manner. He wore a dress-ring inch low, unusual to the bold character of his features. This with the appalling sentence, acted on us like a galvanic shock; and, by one impulse, we leaped from the fire, and threw ourselves flat upon the grass. Not a word was spoken, as we strained our ears to listen. At first, we could distinguish a low moaning sound, like the wind at a wild bee; it seemed to come out of the earth. After a little, it grew louder and sharper; then it ended in a yelp, and ceased altogether. After a short interval, it began afresh, this time still nearer; and then the yelp, loud, sharp, and vengeful. There was no mistaking it for the wind. It was the bark of the Spanish bloodhound! We sprang up simultaneously, looking around for weapons, and then staring at each other with an expression of despair. The rifle and two cases-barrels were all the weapons of the latter.

"What's to be done?" cried one, and all eyes were turned upon Lincoln.

The hunter stood motionless, clutching his rifle and looking to the ground.

"Give gotta-ta, Kent!" he asked, after a pause.

"But two hundred yards, then way if law."

"I his see no other chance, Cap'n, then to take the water; they hasbloods the hounds a bit, if there's good weather."

"Not I." I had thought of the same plan.

"I would had hunting, for master if I had gone what we is; but yer see we ain't; and I can tell by the glance, how ain't less nor a dozen or, 'em."

"If we use to remain here; lead us to the creek, Rassé!" cried Ballowing the Frenchman. we dashed recklessly through the thicket. On reaching the stream, we plunged in. It was one of those mountain torrents—common in Mexico—open of cold water, alternating with narrow rapids that dash and foam over shapeless masses of unregulated basalt. We waded though the first pool without difficulty, clambered up the rocks, entered a second. That was a good stretch, a hundred or more yards of deep water, in which we were waist-deep. We took the head of the latter end, as the same time, and, striking back into the timber, kept on parallel to the course of the stream. We did not go far—only a few score! That was enough to be pented again to repeat the cross.

All this time, the baying of the bloodhounds had been ringing in our ears. Suddenly it ceased.

"They have reached the water," said Clayley.

"No," rejoined Lincoln, stopping a moment to listen, "they're a chawin' them bones."

"They what?" I asked, for my ear was not so keen.

"They what," one of the men answered, "they're eating the iguana."

"Then they'll soon be on our trail," said I, "unless we can throw them off the scent."

"Stomped at last!" cried the hunter, gritting his teeth with fury.

"No," I cheerful, a thought at that moment flashing upon me. "Follow me, comrades. We'll fight the bloodhounds on the stiff."

I pointed upward. A yell from Lincoln acknowledged the idea.

"Stomp!" he cried, leaping on the bank; that idea's just like you, Cap. Stomp! Now, boys, for the bluff."

Next moment, we were straining up the gorge that led to the mountain. We had not far to go, we reached the highest point, where the cliff, by a bold projection, bulged over the stream. There was a level platform, covered with tufted grass, and upon this we took our stand. We had with us some mementa, gathering breath; and serving ourselves for the desperate struggle.

I could not help looking over the precipice. It was a fearful sight. Below, in a vertical line, two hundred feet below, the stream rushing through the canon, broke upon a bed of sharp, jagged rocks, and then glided on, in seething, snow-white lace. There was the iguana, its green the eye and the water: no jutting ledge—not even a log, to break the fall—nothing but the spiky boulders below, and the foaming torrent that washed them! It was a terrific situation before our unnatural enemies made their appearance, but every heart seemed sower and nearer. Our trail was warm, and we knew they were nearing it on a run. At length, the beaten crackled, and we could see their white breasts gleaming through the leaves. A few more springs, and the former bloodhound bounded out upon the bank, and throwing up his head jaws, uttered a hideous "gout." He was at fault where we had entered the water. His fellow-blood were already out of the thicket, and joining in the chorus of disappointment, gathered among the stones. An old dog—scarred and coaning—kept along the bank, until he had reached the top of the canon. This was where we had made our crossing. Here the hound entered the channel, and springing from rock to rock, soon reached the other. We had dragged ourselves on of the water. A short yelp announced the discovery, and he had lifted the scent; and they all threw up their noses, and came galloping down. There was a swift current, between two boulders of basalt. We leaped this. The old dog reached it, and springing from rock to rock, soon reached it, and the hound, with one short "wough," dropped in upon his head, and was carried off like a flash.

"Counte one less to pitch over," said the hunter, hastily loading his rifle.

Without appearing to notice the strange conduct of their dogs, the bloodhounds crossed in a string, and striking the warm trail, came yelling up the glade. Then a yeary stop—such as is often seen between two fables of a cliff—and, as the dogs skimmed upward, we could see their white fangs, and the blood-shot eyeballs of them, clotted along their jaws. Another crack from Lincoln's rifle, and the foremost hound tumbled back down the gorge.

"Two rubbed out," cried the hunter, and at the same moment, I was flung flat the rifle to the ground.

The hounds kept the trail no longer. Their quarry was before them: their howling ceased, and they sprang upon us with the silence of the savanna. The next moment, we were mingled together—dogs and men—in the fearful struggle for life and death! I have but a faint idea of the encounter lasted. I felt myself grappling with the dog's muzzle, and plunging my knife over and over. They sprang at my throat, and I threw them off, only to spring back again, and get the other battle—the Hair Lotion, I mean."

The man of us, and soon covered with the Lotion bottle. The Doctor took it and applied his nose to the mouth.

"And this," said he, "is just as rare the Balsam as the elixir is the Lotion. Don't you think that was some mistake on your part, sir? Are you sure that what was in this bottle was the Balsam of Honey?"

"Just as sartin as I'm alive," replied the man: "for I always turned it out while Betsy held the spoon."

The Doctor sat down in a chair, and, laying his finger on his nose seemed buried in a good letter, and it was thirty minutes before he rose.

"Ah! I see!" he at length exclaimed, and jumping up he filled the empty bottle again. "There, sir," said he, giving it to the man with a saving air, "that is the Balm of Honey, sir; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when you're sick, and you shall have another for nothing."

As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the Doctor called to his two assistants from the laboratory.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we've made a great mistake in our gauss work, after all. I've been studying out the Balsam of Honey, and discovered that our *Lotion* is the stuff to cure the coughs and consumptions, and the Balsam is the best to make the hair grow. We must change the labels."

They seemed surprised, but they did as they were bid.

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain, and you shall see." The half human voice now sounded nearer, and the bloodhounds were in full cry. Some of the men were preparing to load their rifles, others were reloading the empty cases, accompanying Rassé, fled to Widen on the bank, and began to climb the opposite cliff. The young Countess was often obliged to walk

"Ay, and I've made a first rate bridge of it, sir," said he, "and it's just as sure that you'll want all you can raise and scrape when you get there. Anything is good enough when you're over. So we just took the Lotion bottle, knocked a good deal through the day—and then filled it up with Balsam of Honey, and they'll stick together like labels."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Why, you see, Captain, and you shall see." The half human voice now sounded nearer, and the bloodhounds were in full cry. Some of the men were preparing to load their rifles, others were reloading the empty cases, accompanying Rassé, fled to Widen on the bank, and began to climb the opposite cliff. The young Countess was often obliged to walk

"Stop a moment